

The Hollow * Of Her Hand
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SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrandall is found murdered in a road house near New York, Mrs. Wrandall is summoned from the city and identifies the body. A young woman who accompanied Wrandall to the inn and subsequently disappeared, is suspected. Mrs. Wrandall starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding snow storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrandall. Feeling that the girl had done her a service in ridding her of the man who though she loved him deeply, had caused her great sorrow. Mrs. Wrandall determines to shield her and takes her to her own home. Mrs. Wrandall determines to shield her and takes her to her own home. Mrs. Wrandall hears the story of Hetty Castleten's life, except that portion that relates to Wrandall. This and the story of the tragedy she forbids the girl ever to tell. She offers Hetty a home, friendship and security from peril on account of the tragedy. Sara Wrandall and Hetty return to New York after an absence of a year in Europe. Leslie Wrandall, brother of Challis, becomes greatly interested in Hetty. Sara sees in Leelle's infatuation possibility for revenge on the Wrandalls and reparation for the wrongs she suffered at the hands of Challis Wrandall by marrying his murderess into the family. Leslie, in company with his friend Brandon Booth, an artist, visits Sara at her country place. Leelle confenses to Sara that he is madly in love with Hetty. Sara at her country place. Leelle confenses to Sara that he is madly in love with Hetty. Sara at he he has seen Hetty before. Looking through a portfolio of pictures by an unknown English artist he finds one of Hetty. He speaks to her about it. Hetty deciares it must be a picture of Hetty Glynn, an English actress, who resembles her very much. Much to his chagrin Leslie is refused by Hetty. Booth and Hetty onfens their love for each other, but the latter declares that she can never masty as there is an insurmountable barrier in the way. Hetty admits to Sara that she loves Booth. Sara declares that Het

CHAPTER XIV.-Continued. When the night boat from Dover to Calais slipped away from her moorings that evening, Hetty Castleton and her maid were on board, with all their bags and trunks, and Brandon Booth was supposed to be completely at sea in the heart of that glittering London-

town. The night was fog-laden and dripping, and the crossing promised to be unpleasant. Wrapped in a thick seaulster Hetty sat huddled up in the lea of the deckhouse, sick at heart and miserable. She reproached herself for the scurvy trick she was playing on him, reviled herself and yet pitied hermelf.

A tall man came shambling down the narrow space along the rail and stopped directly in front of her. She started in alarm as he reached out his hand to support himself against the Paris, to say nothing of waffles and deckhouse. As he leaned forward, he laughed.

You were thinking of me, Hetty, said the man.

For a long time she stared at him transfixed, and then, with a low moan, covered her eyes with her hands. "Is it true—is it a dream?" she sobbed.

He dropped down beside her and gathered her in his strong, eager arms. "You were thinking of me, weren't

you? And reproaching yourself, and "ing yourself for running away like I thought so. Well, you might as well try to dodge the smart-

detective in the world as to give the slip now, darling." 'You-you spied on me?" she cried. muffled tones. She lay very limp in

"I did," he confessed, without shame

Gad, when I think of what I might e doing at this moment if I hadn't ound you out in time! Think of me pack there in London, racing about ike a madman, searching for you in "Please, please!" she implored.

"But luck was with me. You can't zet away, Hetty. I shan't let you out of my sight again. I'll camp in front



She Stared at Him, Transfixed

of your door and you'll see me wither and die of alcoplessness, for one or the ther of my eyes will always be open." "Oh, I am so tired, so miserable,"

is murmured. "Poor little sweetheart!" "I wish you would hate me."

Lie where you are, dearest, and-

"If I only could-forget!" "Rest. I will hold you tight and seep you warm. We're in for a nasty sing, but it is paradise for me. I m mad with the delight of having you iero, holding you close to me, feeling ou in my f as. The wilder the night or I am wild with the joy we you! I love you!" He pasr to him in a sort of

fairies."

calm and lifeless; they slid over it as | devoted friend; that sho-" if it were a quavering sheet of ice; "Wait!" he commanded darkly. "Is sailors sprang up from everywhere and | your sudden departure?" calls were heard below; the rattling of groaning, harassed but voiceless. A Wrandall, have I?" mighty sigh seemed to envelop the

whole ship—a sigh of relief. Then it was that these two arose stiffly from their sheltered bench and He had no sense of honor. He-" gave heed to the things that were about them

The channel was behind them.

CHAPTER XY.

Rattling Old Bones. They journeyed to Paris by the night mail. He was waiting for her on the possessed of doubts and fears, platform when she descended from the wagon lit in the Gare du Nord. into the customs department. She, brightly, as if the world could be sweet | does not belong to me. It is Sara's." at an hour when, by all odds, it should be sleeplest.

"I was up and on the lookout for you walked off together. "You might have got off there, you know," with a wry

grin. "I shall not run away from you again, Brandon," she said earnestly. "I promise, on my honor."

"By Jove," he cried, "that's a relief!" Then he broke into a happy laugh. "I shall go to the Ritz," she said,

after her effects had been examined and were ready for release. "I thought so," he announced calm-

ly. "I wired for rooms before I left London. "Really, this is ridic-" "Don't frown like that, Hetty," he

pleaded. As they rattled and bounced over the cobble-stones in a taxi-meter on the way to the Place Vendome, he devoted the whole of his conversation to the delicious breakfast they were to have, expatiating glibly on the wonderful berries that would come first in that always-to-be-remembered meal. She was ravenously hungry by the time they reached the hotel, just from listening to his dissertation on chops and rolls and coffee as they are served pletely than ever before. noney and the marmalade that no Eng

lishman can do without. Alone in his room, however, he was quite another person. His calm assurance took flight the instant he closed the door and moodily began to prepare for his bath. Resolution was undiminished, but the facts in the case were most desolating. Whatever it was that stood between them, there was no gainsaying its power to influence their lives. It was no trifle that caused her to take this second flight. and the sooner he came to realize the seriousness of opposition the better.

He made up his mind on one point in that half-hour before breakfast; if she asked him again to let her go her way in peace, it was only fair to her and right that he should submit to the inevitable. She loved him, he was sure of it. Then there must be a very good reason for her perplexing attitude toward him. He would make one more attempt to have the truth from her. Failing in that, he would accept the situation as hopeless, for the time being at least. She should know that he loved her deeply enough for that.

She joined him in the little open-air cafe, and they sat down at a table in a remote corner. There were few people breakfasting. In her tender blue eyes there was a look of sadness that haunted him, even as she smiled and called him beloved.

"Hetty, darling," he said, leaning forward and laying his hand on hers,

'can't you tell me what it is?" She was prepared for the question In her heart she knew the time had come when she must be fair with him. He observed the pallor that stole into her warm, smooth cheeks as she regarded him fixedly for a long time before replying.

"There is only one person in the world who can tell you, Brandon. It is for her to decide. I mean Sara Wran- they should be paid accordingly. Emdall."

He felt a queer, sickening sensation of uneasiness sneak into existence. In the back of his mind, a hateful fear among workmen. began to shape itself. For a long time he looked into her somber eyes, and as he looked the fear that was hateful to piecework or premium systems, not up when the bear suddenly let go, sat took on something of a definite shape.

answer would be.

She was startled. Her lips remained \$2.50 a day. The shop superintendent parted.

-this secret anything to do with Challis Wrandall?" steadily.

table in a grip that turned the knuckles | mium system. In fact, he has calcuwhite. "Hetty!" he cried, in a hoarse whisper. "You—can't mean that you—"

hurriedly. "Haven't I told you that she "Were you in love with that infernal scoundrel?" he demanded flercely. "Sara knows everything. She will

ceased, bell-buoys whistled and clanged your idea of greatness? Isn't it enough about them; the sea suddenly grew for you to know that Sara is my loyal,

and lights sneaked out of the fog and it possible that she did not discover approached with stealthy swiftness. your secret until the day you left her Bells rang below and above them, house so abruptly? Does that explain

"I can answer that," she said quietchains and the thumping of heavy lug- ly. "She has known everything from gage took the place of that steady, the day I met her. I have not said monotonous beat of the engines. Peo- anything, Brandon, to lead you to beple began to infest the deck, limp and lieve that I was in love with Challis

His eyes softened, "No, you haven't. I-I hope you will forget what I said. You see, I knew Wrandall's reputation. "Well, I have!" she said levelly.

He flushed. "I am a beast! I'll put it in this way, then: Was he in love with you?" "You are still unfair. I shall not answer."

He was silent for a long time. "And Sara's lips are sealed," he mused, still

"Until she elects to tell the story, dearest love, my lips are also sealed. I Sleepy passengers crowded with them love you better than anything else in all this world. I could willingly offer alone among them all, was smiling up my life for you, but—well, my life "For heaven's sake, Hetty, what is

all this?" he cried in desperation. "I can say no more. It is useless to at Amiens," he declared, as they insist, Brandon. If you can wrest the story from her, all well and good. You will hate me then, dear love. But it cannot be helped. I am prepared."

"Tell me this much: When you refused to marry Leslie, was your course inspired by what had happened in-in connection with Challis Wrandall?"

"You forget that it is you that I love," she responded simply. "But why should Sara urge you to marry Leslie if there is anything-"

"Hush! There is the waiter. Come to my sitting-room after breakfast. I have something to say to you. We must come to a definite understanding. This cannot go on."

He was with her for an hour in that thing immeasurably great in his makespell of her was over him more com- crease her feeling of loneliness and de-

lare de Lyons, bound for Interlaken There was a complete understanding between them. She wanted to be quite alone in the Alpine town; he was not to follow her there. She had reserved that she might begin the next. rooms at the Schweitzerhof, and the windows of her sitting-room looked straight up the valley to the snow-covered crest of the Jungfrau. She remembered these rooms; as a young girl she had occupied them with her father and mother. By some hook or crook. Booth arranged by wire for her to have season of the year. Later she was to go to Lucerne, and then to Venice.

for Booth. Even though he might accomplish the task he had set unto himself-the conquest of Sara in respect to the untold story-he still had Het. had a true and unavoidable friend in ty's dismal prophecy that after he learned the truth he would come to Rowe-Martin had not been apprised of see why they could not be married. But he would not despair.

"We'll see," was all that he said in

and oh, I shall always believe in | can tell you no more. Why do you | grimness in the way he said it that | out (though how she did it, heaven | glare at me as if I were the meanest gave her something to cherish during knows), that Lord Murgatroyd's grand-A long time afterward the throbbing thing on earth? Is this love? Is this the months to come; the hope that he niece was no longer the intimate of of herself.

> first steamship calling there. Awake, of Challis Wrandall. There was somewhich that ruthless despoiler of peace absolute exclusion of all else. The voyage home was made horrid by these nightly reminders of a man he scarcely knew, yet dreaded. He became an evil spell had descended upon him in the shape of a ghostly influence.

The weeks passed slowly for Hetty. There were no letters from Sara, but an occasional line or so from Mr. Carroll. She had made Brandon Booth promise that he would not write to from her. If her intention was to cut herself off entirely from her recent



"Hetty!" He Cried, in a Hoarse Whis

world and its people, as she might have done in another way by pursuing the time-honored and rather cowardly pinched little sitting-room, and left her plan of entering a convent, she was there without a vestige of rancour in soon to discover that success in the his soul. She would not give an inch undertaking brought a deeper sense of in the stand she had taken, but some exile than she could have imagined herself able to endure at the outset. up rose to the occasion and he went | She found herself more utterly alone forth with the conviction that he had and friendless than at any time in her no right to demand more of her than life. The chance companions she she was ready to give. He was satis- formed at Interlaken-despite a wellfled to abide by her decision. The meant reserve—served only to inspair. The very natural attentions of Two days later he saw her off at the men, young and old, depressed her, infeminine thing called vanity. She lived as one without an aim, without a single purpose except to close one day

After a time, she went on to Lucerne. Here the life on the surface was gayer, and she was roused from her state of lethargy in spite of herself. Once, from her little balcony in the National, she saw two of her old acquaintances in the chorus at the Gaiety. They were wearing many them again, not an easy matter at that pearls. Another time, she met them in the street. She was rather quietly dressed. They did not notice her. But The slightest shred of hope was left the prosperous Hebraic gentlemen who attended them were not so careless.

One day a card was brought to her rooms. For the next two weeks she Lucerne. It would appear that Mrs. the rift in the Wrandall lute. She had no reason to consider the exclusive Miss Castleton as anything but response to her forlorn cry that they the most desirable of companions. Mrs. were parting for ever. There was a Rowe-Martin was not long in finding

would come back and take her in spite | that impossible person, Sara Gooch. She couldn't think of Sara without He sailed from Cherbourg on the thinking of Gooch. But at last Mrs. Rowe-Martin departhe thought of her; asleep, he dreamed ed, much to Hetty's secret relief, but as I said before, 'tis but timporary.

thing uncanny in the persistence with burthens by introducing her into a forced his way into his dreams, to the which there were but three ways of es- You'll find it out for yourself wan o' cape. She refused to marry one of them, denied another the privilege of play auction bridge with all of them. more or less obsessed by the idea that | They were not long in dropping her, although it must be said there was real regret among the men.

From Mrs. Rowe-Martin and others she heard that Mrs. Redmond Wrandall and Vivian were to be in Scotland in October, for somebody-or-other's sign. christening, and that Leslie had been her, nor was he to expect anything doing some really wonderful flying at Pau.

"I am so glad, my dear," said Mrs. Rowe-Martin, "that you refused to marry Leslie. He is a cad. Besides, you would have been in a perpetual state of nerves over his flying."

Of Sara, there was no news, as might have been expected. Mrs. Rowe-Martin made it very clear that Sara was a respectable person-but heavens!

The chill days of autumn came and the crowd began to dwindle. Hetty made preparations to join in the exodus. As the days grew short and bleak, she found herself thinking more and more of the happy-hearted, symbolie dicky-bird on a faraway window ledge. His life was neither a travesty nor a tragedy; hers was both of these.

Something told her too that Brandon Booth had wormed the truth out of Sara, and that she would rever see him again. It hurt her to think that while Sara believed in her, the man who loved her did not. It is a way men have.

CHAPTER XVI.

Vivian Airs Her Opinions.

Chief among Booth's virtues was his undeviating loyalty to a set purpose. He went back to America with the firm intention to clear up the mystery surrounding Hetty Castleton, no matter how irksome the delay in achieving his aim or how vigorous the methods he would have to employ. Sara Wrandall, to all purposes, held the key; his object in life now was to induce her to turn it in the lock and throw open the door to that he might enter in and become a sharer in the secrets beyond. A certain amount of optimistic cour-

age attended him in his campaign against what had been described to no clear reason why she should withhold the secret under the new conditions, when so much in the shape of I'm here, I want the whole story, Sara, happiness was at stake. It was in this spirit of confidence that he prepared to confront her on his arrival in New York, and it was the same unbounded faith in the belief that nothing evil could result from a perfectly dall's connection with the affair found just and honorable motive that gave a vulnerable spot in her armor. him the needed courage. He stayed over night in New York,

and the next morning saw him on his way to Southlook. There was something truly ingenuous in his desire to to harnes you, if you please, until I get to the bottom of the matter with- get what I'm after. It is of the most out fear or apprehension. At the very vital importance to me. Quite as much | black if you saw it?" worst, he maintained, there could be so, I am sure, as it appears to be to you. nothing more reprehensible than a If Hetty will say the word, I'll take passing infatuation, long since dis- her gladly, just as she is, without pelled, or perhaps a mildly sinister knowing what all this is about. But, episode in which virtue had been triumphant and vice defeated with un- must be some way to override her. pleasant results to at least one per- You both admit there is no legal barson, and that person the husband of rier. You tell me today that there Sara Wrandall.

Pat met him at the station and drove him to the little cottage on the upper to bring out by questioning, so I am road.

"Ye didn't stay long," said he reflectively, after he had put the bag up in front. He took up the reins.

"Not very," replied his master. After a dozen rods or more, Pat

ried again. "Just siventeen days, I make it." "Seems longer."

"Perhaps you'll be after going back "Why should you think that, Pat-

"Because you don't seem to be takin much interest in your surroundin's here," said Pat loftily. He delivered a smart smack on the crupper with his stubby whip, and pursed his lips for the companionship to be derived from whistling.

"I suppose you know why I went to Europe," said Booth, laying his hand "Sure I do," said Pat, forgetting to into his thigh. The bear's teeth were whistle. "And was it bad luck you

"A temporary case of it, I'm afraid." "Well," said the Irishman, looking up at his employer with the most pro found encouragement in his wink, "if have me believe. Therefore, I mean formance for a few seconds, then rose it's anny help to you, sor, I'll say that to pester you until you give in, my to his feet and started up the moun- I've never found bad luck to be any- dear Sara." thing but timporary. And, believe me, The trapper discovered a plug of I've had plinty of it. Mary was dom chewing tobacco in his pocket had near three years makin' up her mind

"And since then you've had no bad luck?" said Booth, with a smile.

"Plinty of it, begob, but I've had some one besides meself to blame for it. There's a lot in that, Mr. Brandon. Whin a man marries, he simply divides his luck into two parts, good and bad, and if he's like most men he wife and kapes to himself all he can bad luck is only timporary and a womagainst a workman earning more than wounded, or when it sees that it can whether we know it or not, and we dilatory tactics, pro

"Have you been quarreling?"

"I have not," said Pat wrathfully, "But I won't say as much for Mary. The point av me argument is that have all the good luck in havin' married her, and she claims to have had all the bad luck in marryin' me. Still, not before she had increased the girl's | The good luck lasts and the bad don't She'll be after tellin' me so before sundown. That's like all women. these days, Mr. Brandon, and ye'll be dom proud ye're a man and can enjoy making love to her, and declined to your good luck when ye get it. The bad luck's always fallin' behind ye. and ye can always look forward to the She'll take you, or me name's not what it ought to be."

Booth was inclined to accept this unique discourse as a fair-weather

"Take these bags upstaire, Pat," said he on their arrival at the cottage, and then come down and drive me over to Mrs. Wrandall's."

with her, Mr. Brandon?" inquired Pat, climbing over the wheel, "I can't answer that question now."

"Hiven help both av us if Mary's good luncheon goes to waste," said Pat ominously. "That's all I have to say. She'H take it out av both av us."

"Tell her I'll be here for lunch," said Booth, with alacrity. From which it may be perceived that master and man were of one mind when it came to considering the importance of Mary. Pat studied his watch for a moment with a calculating eye.

"It's half-past eliven now, sor," he announced. "D'ye think ye can make

Booth reflected. "I think not," he said. "I'll have luncheon first," Whereupon he leaped from the trap and went in to tell Mary how happy he was to be where he could enjoy home cook-

At four he was delivered at Sara's door by the astute Patrick, announced by the sedate Watson and interrogated by the intelligent Murray, who seemed surprised to hear that he would not have anything cool to drink. Sara sent word that she would be down in fifteen minutes, but, as a matter of fact, appeared in less than three. She came directly to the point.

"Well," she said, with her mysterious smile, "she sent you back to me, see." He was still clasping her hand. "Have you heard from her?" he asked quickly,

"No. But I knew just what would happen. I told you it would prove to be a wild-goose chase. Where is she?"

He sat down beside her on the cool, white covered couch. 'In Switzerland. I put her on the

train the night before I sailed. Yes, she did send me back to you. Now What is it that stands between us?" For an hour he pleaded with her. all to no purpose. She steadfastly refused to divulge the secret. Not even his blunt reference to Challis Wran-

"I shan't give it up, Sara," he said, at the end of his earnest harangue against the palpably unfair stand both she and Hetty were taking. "I mean you see, she won't consent. There is no insanity in her family, and a lot of other things that I've been able

more than ever certain that the ob-



Pat Met Him at the Station.

"Very well," she said resignedly.

"When may I expect a renewal of

the conflict?" "Would tomorrow be convenient?" he asked quaintly. She returned his smile. "Come to luncheon."

"Have I your permission to start the portrait?"

"Yes. As soon as you like."

He left her without feeling that he had gained an inch along the road to of his starlit porch, he smoked many profoundest thought or passion sleepe a pipeful and derived therefrom a profound estimate of the value of taci and heart finds and publishes and discretion as opposed to bold an. a determined woman. He would make an unexpected vict w is gained by dilatory tactics, pro ed the blow & struck at the paye

WAS A SURPRISE

By ALLIE CLAYTON.

****************** The daughter of the household, aged eleven, looked up from her book as

the man caller came into the library. "How do you do, Mr. Dearmore," she said, getting up politely. "You might as well take a comfortable chair because sister won't be down for ages. She is always slow about getting dressed and I suppose now she'll be slower than ever because she won't care if she does keep you waiting."

"Well, why shouldn't she care, I'd ike to know?" inquired the caller with an assumption of surprise designed to be comic.

The young person hitched a little closer to him in her eagerness. "I just found out!" she told him, "tonight. I guess they weren't going to tell me, but sister was so interested in brushing out her switch that she didn't notice me and mother said: 'You might have done better if you'd more ambition, but, thank heaven, you're engaged good luck. So don't be downhearted. at last!' And sister said yes, it was time and she'd have to make the best of it. Why, she's engaged! Don't you understand?"

"You surprise me," said the caller,

with interest. The young person nodded her head. 'It's awfully exciting to have an engaged person in the family. We never had one before. I held my hand over "Will ye be after stayin' for lunch my mouth to keep from asking right out who it was, but I knew if I spoke they'd make me go away-and then all they said was that where the trooser was coming from if dad didn't make a killing goodness only knew.

What's a trooser?" "A sort of feminine delirium, I believe," the young man told her. "Wouldn't you like to read out loud to me from your book?"

"Not when I can talk," the young person assured him, promptly. "I'd think it was Bob Samson, only he hasn't been here for ages, He's riding around a ranch out West now and he always brought me chocolates and petted the dog and waited hours and hours for sister. Mother told her one day for goodness' sake when she got her hands on that huge old Samson house to burn it down and put up another one with a French gray drawing room, and other things, but I guess

Bob slipped a cog somehow-' "Er-what?" "Well, Aunt Clara said to mother that a cog in the wheels must have slipped somehow and how did he ever get away and wasn't it a pity! So I suppose Bob did it. I always liked his chocolates-he brought me just as good ones as he brought sister. Some-

times they try to pass off cheap candy on me, but I know! Then I feed it to the dog. "I'm glad it wasn't that Siddens man. He always called me 'little one' and patted my head and he had bronchitis and always coughed before he spoke, and sister said she didn't care if he was rich, but she couldn't endure a man who wore brown ties and ate

grapefruit with a fork and anyhow he

time mother scolded so and sister went to Aunt Clara's for a month. "I'm surprised at her getting engaged, because she'll have to have a house and meals then and she says picking out things to eat is simply awful and she wouldn't wear her life away keeping down the grocery bills for any man and he might as well make up his mind to it. Anyhow, sis- . ter never loses her head, because mother says so, and she'll make him toe the mark. Mother says that with her sweet smile sister could make a man believe white was black, but that seems foolish. Wouldn't you know

"I used to think I was able to distinguish colors," admitted the caller.

"But you're different," said the young person. "It isn't as though you were one of sister's trailers-that's what dad calls 'em. It doesn't make any difference to you. Only I thought if I told you about it you'd understand why she didn't hurry to get down here, now she's interested in one particular man."

"Well," said the caller, "I'll tell you a secret. I'm the particular man!"

The young person's eyes bulged. 'Honest?" she squealed. "Why, I was never so sur-r-p-prised in my 1-1-life! And you never petted the dog once! My, but you're quiet!"

A Muscular Christian.

Archdeacon Hudson Stuck, who climbed Mount McKinley, or, as he insists it should be termed, the Mc-Kinley peak of Mount Denall, came from England, and after a residence in Texas spent eight or nine years in Alaska as archdeacon of the Yukon, helping Bishop Rowe in his remarkable missionary labors. He has traveled thousands of miles in Alaska on foot or by dog-sled, usually with only an Indian boy as a companion, threading dangerous passes in the depth of the bitter winter of the Arctic circle, and at times while on his rounds camping at night on icy slopes with the thermometer at 70 degrees below zero. He has been not merely spiritual counselor and teacher, but also friend, helper and physician to white miners and Indian hunters.-Woman's Home Companion.

Something Accomplished. "Then your arctic expedition was a fizzle?"

"Not absolutely. I didn't get enough material for a two-hour lecture, It is true but I think I can break into vaudeville with a 20-minute talk."

Profft of Books The profit of books is according to success. That night, in the gloaming the sensibility of the reader. The as in a mine, unless an equal mind

> "Spare my blushes," s! "Good gracioun!" he replied, eso_have still blu

Emerson

Employers of Labor Bring Strong Ar guments to Bear in Favor of That System.

The point is often made that the trade union with its day-rate minimum assumes that all of its craftsmen are equally efficient and that ployers are not likely to admit this al-

The president of a large electrical railway system is consistently opposed because of any fear of labor troubles asked, and somehow he knew what the railway maintenance, but simply on the assumption that no shopman can "Yes," she replied, after a moment. possibly be worth more than \$2 to of this railway has been able to He watched her closely. "Has this strengthen his argument for a piecework system by making a careful study in the production of some jobs could His hands clutched the edge of the be brought about by some form of prelated that the abolition of the day, rate would produce a net saving of about twenty per cent. in labor cost. "You must go to Sara," she cried He is also convinced that the piecework system would actually result in better workmanship because the present day rates are too low to appeal to

good shopmen.

This has been the result on most roads where the piecework system has a long time to overcome the prejudice

Tobacco Fools Bears.

as related to shop accounts should not be the wages of individuals but the total cost of maintenance per car mile. rick?" -Electric Railway Journal.

He ran into a big cinnamon, com ing down the trail at full speed. The legation, but sometimes they act as if | bear struck him in the pit of the stomthey also believed in a dead level ach with his head, hurling him into affectionately on the man's arm. the underbrush and sinking his teeth setting deeper, and he had about given had, sor?" up on his haunches and began to

tain as fast as he could travel.

easily are the ruminants. All hunters know that the stag weeps, and we are when it sees its last hour approaching.

As a safeguard against attacks from angry bears, a veteran trapper recommends tobacco in the pockets.

"Did you know her husband?" he or the special conditions of electric strangle, much like a dog with a bone in his throat. He continued the per-

Lower Animals That Weep.

Among the creatures that weep most

BELIEVE PIECEWORK IS BEST | cern of an economical management

also assured that the bear sheds tears | puts the bulk av the bad luck on his The giraffe is not less sensitive, and av the good for a rainy day. That's regards with tearful eyes the hunter what makes him a strong man and who has wounded it. Dogs weep quite able to meet trouble when it comes easily. The same is true of certain | The beauty av the arrangement is that | impulsive measures in the handling or monkeys. As for the elephant, there been introduced. But it seems to take is abundant evidence of the ease with an enjoys talking about it, while good haste slowly, as the caying goes. Many which it weeps. It sheds tears when luck is wid us nine-tenths of the time,

been ground to a pulp and wet with to say yis to me." of practices in other shops, and he the animal's saliva. The tobacco had has determined that a large increase evidently made him so sick that he was glad to let go.

cold-nosed cosmopolitan set from